

THE WEEKLY CITIZEN, ONLY \$1.00 PER YEAR.

UNCARING

Only a room, you say
And carelessly throw away
Yet my people's worth
On her bosom had light
Rose and fell over a heart young and gay
Only a woman, you say
And laughing turn away
Yet that heart beat so true
Broke in silence for you
Till the bonfire could turn to day
Only a lifetime, you say
With your spirit as careless and gay
Yet the light, now so bright
Will be yours to tonight
For a voice that is silent for aye
—Cora Irene Shaw in Philadelphia Ledger

PRETTY POLLY PIPER.

"Come, Polly," said Mrs. Piper, sharp-ly, "what are you dreaming about? Eleven o'clock and the best parlor not dusted yet, and old Gloria calling you to help hang out the clothes, and the maids waiting to be made into caps and the peach short cake to be baked and you here, dawdling away your time like a fine lady!"

Polly Piper jumped quickly up, tiding her dress, and, with a contrived smile, she did so, under the sofa cushion.

"I wish I were a fine lady," said she, "I'd be practicing sonatas on the piano or sketching Yellow Mountain, or hemming ruffles, instead of working like a slave!"

Mrs. Piper looked keenly at her daughter.

"Polly," said she, "you know very well you needn't work unless you've a mind to."

Polly tossed her sunny head with a movement of disdain.

"I don't know how you make that out," said she.

"You can marry this rich relation of ours, if you please," intimated her mother. "He wants a wife to keep that grand new house of his on Haven hill."

Polly laughed.

"How do I know he'll like me?" she questioned.

"Nonsense, Polly! There's no need to tell you that. You're pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Piper, viewing her daughter with maternal pride.

"And how do I know I shall like him?"

"Why shouldn't you like him?" said Mrs. Piper. "He's more than 60, and a man at 60 ought to be in his prime. And he's very handsome—at least Viola Bartlett says he is. And you know very well Polly, you can make him love you, fast enough!"

Polly pursed up her cherry dot of a mouth.

"A lover of 60," cried she, "who used to be handsome when Viola Bartlett was a girl? Oh, mother!"

"A handsome house and a grand carriage of your own," artfully intimated Mrs. Piper. "And servants to do all this drudgery that comes so hard on you now, and a good home for your poor father that's crippled with rheumatism and—"

"All this is taking a good deal for granted," cried Polly, dancing across the room. "Just hear old Gloria howling for help! I think she'll drown herself in the wash tub if I don't come pretty soon! He's to be here in the noon train, isn't he? Oh, mother, you'll have to make the peach short cake yourself, and I'll attend to the tomatoes! And, mother—I declare I never thought of it until this minute, but here's a note from the school trustees to let you know that this week for boarding the new schoolmistress."

Mrs. Piper gave a start of dismay.

"The new schoolmistress!" she echoed. "But, Polly, he can't come this week! We haven't but the one spare room, and your cousin from New York is to be here today; and, besides, we can't be bothered with country schoolmistresses when there's so much to be done. Write and tell the trustees so at once. I dare say the man would just as soon go to Widow Topham's this week. There he is coming now. Tell him, Polly."

A score of dimples broke out around Polly Piper's bewitching little Cupid's bow of a mouth; her blue eyes sparkled fun.

"Tell him yourself, mother," she retorted. "I don't know what on earth to say."

And, thus forced into the breach, Mrs. Piper unwillingly advanced toward a tall, preternaturally slender young man, who was coming hesitatingly up the garden path, with a loosely umbrellalike hood and a shabby valise in the other. He paused, and set down the shabby valise, that he might the more conveniently raise a still shabbier hat from his perspiring brow, as he saw the two women.

"He has got nice eyes, in spite of that tow colored hair of his," thought Polly. "I'm glad I'm not mother!"

"Is this Mr. Paracelus Piper's residence?" asked the young man, diffidently.

"Yes, it is," answered the lady of the house. "But there's been a mistake. We don't want you here!"

"Poor fellow!" thought Polly. "How he colors! I'm sorry now I let mother do it. I might have softened matters a little. How tired he looks, and I'm sure that valise must weigh a quarter of a ton at least!"

"Better go to Widow Topham's, half a mile down the road, and tell the folks I passed you on, so you could take your week there first. It isn't convenient for us to entertain you here today."

And, to nip the whole matter in the bud, Mrs. Piper turned short around and made a dive into the house, resolutely closing the door behind her.

"There," said she, "it's done! I could not have him here!"

"He hasn't gone yet," said Polly, her pretty nose flattened against the fanlight of the hall door.

"What's he doing?" sharply queried her mother.

"He has sat down on his valise. Now he is wiping his forehead with a very nice white pocket handkerchief. Now he's looking back at the house. Oh, mother, don't you think?"

"Polly," said Mrs. Piper, in accents of condensed exasperation, "I don't think anything at all! But if you don't go and

help Gloria with the washing, I'll go myself, and there's an end of it!"

And Polly, who knew the meaning of her mother's voice as well as a musician comprehends his grandioso, obeyed at once.

Was it Polly's fault that old Gloria had suspended the clothes lines in that velvet green meadow through which the brook gurgled like a laughing frolicsome child?

Was it through any complicity of hers that the tall young man had selected that especial "short cut" from the Piper farmhouse to the high road?

Polly stopped and looked at him, her mouth full of clothes pins, her bonnet crown curls blown father and son, like a meadow of ripened wheat in a September gale.

"He has stopped to eat blackberries," thought she. "He must be very hungry. Young man, I say—'young man'!"

The stranger started.

"I beg your pardon?" said he. "Am I trespassing?"

"No," said Polly. "It isn't that. Any one is welcome to the wild blackberries—but you seem hungry!"

"I'm almost famished," frankly admitted the young man. "I breakfasted at 6, and I've had nothing since."

"It's too bad!" cried sympathizing Polly. "Look here—run along to my room! I don't care what mother says!"

"You are Miss Piper?" he asked.

"They call me Polly," said the girl. "I declare it's so barbarous, this sort of thing! We're no business to act like the priest and the Levite, even if we do happen to be expediting company from the city. There's a very nice little bedroom over the kitchen, sir, if you don't mind the chimney going through it, and the outlook into the poultry yard behind, and I'll get you some dinner myself. Come!"

With the gesture of a modern Queen of Sheba bidding her suitors, "Follow me!" Polly left the basket of clothes to its fate and led the way back to the house, where Mrs. Piper was even then beating eggs for the peach short cake by the kitchen table.

"Mother," said she, "I've brought the schoolmistress back. Don't be vexed; but he was so tired and hungry, poor fellow! I'll fix up the kitchen bedroom for him, and it will take only a few minutes to cook a bit of beefsteak and make a cup of coffee."

"Oh, my!" cried the despairing mother. "I think you must be crazy!"

"Madness," said the bewildered stranger. "I don't desire to intrude, if—"

"It's all right, mother," said Polly, flying briskly around, pouring out a bowl of rich milk, into which she helped a liberal portion of the sliced peaches which had been intended for the short cake, and urging her company to "eat that to begin with," while she measured out some coffee and put a juicy slice of steak on the gridiron over a bed of white hot coals.

At that moment there came a fusillade of knocks at the hall portals beyond.

"Is your cousin Polly?" cried Mrs. Piper, hastening to open the door.

It was a stout, thick set man, in blue spectacles and a pepper-and-salt suit.

"Cousin Albert?" smiled Mrs. Piper, holding out both hands in ostentatious welcome.

"Ma'am," said the stranger, vacantly. "He must be a little deaf," thought Mrs. Piper, and she raised her voice accordingly.

"That ain't my name, ma'am," said the stout man with the blue glasses, "and I ain't hard of hearing neither. I'm Joseph Parks, that's killed to commence teaching the district school to-morrow morning, and the trustees—"

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper, "if you're the schoolteacher, who's this young man? I know how it would be, Polly. He's a tramp—an impostor! Blow him for the farm hands, loose the dog!"

The young man—who had just dis-posed of the last morsel of peach and cream—here rose to his full height.

"Up to this time," said he, "no one has had me for my name or appearance. Everything appears to have been taken for granted; but if any one is doubtful of my identity, I shall be pleased to settle the matter. I am Albert Haven, from New York, and I presume I have the pleasure of speaking to my cousins, Miss and Mrs. Paracelus Piper."

"Albert Haven?" cried Mrs. Piper. "Why, Albert Haven is 60! Miss Viola Bartlett!"

"You are probably thinking of my uncle, who died last month," said the stranger. "Miss Viola Bartlett, I know, was an old sweetheart of his. And I, your cousin Albert, have decided to carry out the plans he had made for visiting his relations in this neighbor-hood."

"Well," cried Polly, with eyes that shone like hazel diamonds, as she poured out two cups of fragrant coffee, "if you have cheated the schoolmaster out of his welcome, Cousin Albert, you must be content to share your dinner with him, for I won't have any one else turned out of doors today, no matter what hap-pens."

"My dear little Cousin Polly!" cried Mr. Haven, "you are the very soul of hos-pitality. Depend upon it, I never shall forget this bowl of peaches and cream."

The schoolmaster unpacked his clean collar and necktie in the kitchen bed-room. Mr. Albert Haven helped Polly start a box of geranium slips in the garden.

Out by the electrifying little brook-let old Gloria muttered to herself as she hung snowy pocket handkerchiefs and napkins galore to dry; and Mrs. Piper, as she took the hot peach short-cake and the pairs of tea biscuits out of the oven, thought with a thrill of tri-umph:

"Polly was wiser than I was, after all. And I do believe things are going to happen just as I wanted them to."

—Helen Forest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Lost—A Golden Opportunity.

She (a pretty girl in this room) has been looking about here—Him. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.—Life.

HOLD-UPS WITH VARIATIONS.

The Troublesome Experience of Road Agents.

About a week has elapsed since three bandits attacked a diligence in the state of Vera Cruz. Among its passengers were a number of Americans. The driver, at the command of the highwaymen, who were backed by three revolvers which fully covered him, brought his horses to a stand still. He was made to dismount, and in the usual style was made to stand at one side of the roadway with his hands pointing heavenward. The passengers were then requested to step out of the coach and fall in line with the driver. One of the Americans was one of the first to obey the man-date of the hold-ups. He, however, on dismounting did not leave his Winchester behind, and had hardly touched mother earth when he com-menced to pump cold lead into the highwaymen with a skill that put them to flight.

The day following this episode, and in the same vicinity, the identical gang tackled the stage again. They succeeded in relieving the passengers, who were all Mexicans, of everything of value on their person, and left them doing duty to time with their hands above their heads. Flashed with the success that had attended their exploit, the highwaymen had not gone far before they fell in with two more drivers, and at the point of the revolver proceeded to despoil them of everything they had packed upon their animals. One of the mule drivers, not relishing the treatment, remonstrated and he fell a victim to the wrath of the hold-ups. He was tied, thrown to the ground, and his nose buried in the sand. His companion kept a discreet silence during the disposition of his goods and was not molested.

For some reason or other, after the robbers had completed their work, one of them remained behind. The mule driver, who had kept quiet, said to him:

"Yo te conosco."

"Well, I will fix you so you won't know me," replied the highwayman, and he pulled his revolver and com-menced shooting at the driver, who kept dodging until the shots in the revolver had been exhausted. He then fell upon the hold-up with a rock, say-ing to him:

"Yo me toca a mí!" now it is my turn.

The first blow with the missile knocked the skin off the robber's nose. They then grappled and fell to the earth, putting each other without mercy. During the struggle the other driver managed to free himself from the ropes with which he had been tied, and with a rock in hand he fell upon the highwayman, beating him to a jelly. The victorious drivers then took their prize and tied him to one of the animals and escorted him to an ad-jacent hamlet, where he was shackled to another prisoner. By some means or other the two men effected their escape from the scene in which they were confined. A posse went in pur-suit, and a running race was opened. The man shackled to the highwayman was killed by one of the posse. He was picked up by the posse, who made good his escape, notwithstanding the burden he was carrying.

Two or three days afterward, about three miles from where the fight oc-curred, the body of the man who was shackled to the hold-up was found in a bad way, his leg cut off, but the rob-ber was gone. The highwayman, who was recognized in the hamlet, is known as a very desperate character.

—City of Mexico Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Nut Oil Caper.

Several well known commission brokers were running about China town yesterday afternoon and last evening endeavoring to control the Chinese nut oil market. Just at pres-ent there is a corner in this particular Chinese delicacy. Importers of the monthly importation of nut oil from China has averaged 100 boxes or cases. When the last China steamer arrived the amount imported was not over seventy-five boxes, a decided re-duction over the previous month. Several days ago nut oil arrived at this port yesterday on the China steamer Belgic, and in a few hours time the price of oil jumped upward several notches. A month ago Chinese nut oil sold in the local market at \$7.50 a case. Yesterday afternoon \$11 was the price asked. A leading Chinese merchant told a reporter last night that the entire supply of nut oil in the San Francisco market, including the importations received by the steamer Belgic yesterday, would not amount to over 100 boxes. He said the price was quite liable to advance within the next thirty days to \$12 or \$15 a box. Nut oil is a sweet sub-stance used by the Chinese, rich and poor alike, in about the same man-ner and quantity as the Italians use olive oil. —San Francisco Chronicle.

A Notable Colored Woman Dies.

Ant J. Hudson died Sunday, October 6, aged 79 years. Who that ever broke bread in the dining room of the "old Hudson hotel" does not re-member Aunt Judy? Governors, United States senators, congressmen, legislators and other distinguished men have been kindly waited on by this faithful servant, so long at the head of the principal hotel in this city. Old man now alive will feel sad when they hear of Aunt Judy's death. She worked well, filled her mission faith-fully, and has gone up higher to en-joy the reward of good deeds done in the body. —Milleville (Ga.) Record.

A Badly Frightened Rat.

Mr. J. F. Rushton was waked the other night by a bright flash of light in his room, which lasted but a second and went out. As the light died away he heard a rat running like a fright-ened quarter horse. It seems that a match had fallen on the hearth and struck it off during the night and the rat got it. Mr. Rushton is of the opinion now that a large part of the fires that are termed incendiary are the result of rats and matches. —Marion (Ga.) Patriot.

ODDS AND ENDS

The German military estimates for 1891 call for 12,000,000 marks for munitions of war.

A citizen of Weilsville, O., now 74 years old, boasts that he has never paid a cent to a lawyer or doctor.

All the miners of Great Britain have decided to go on strike if the demand for an eight hours working day is not conceded by Jan. 1st.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties. —Milton.

Upwards of 2,300 miles of main for conveying natural gas have been laid in the United States, and the total cap-ital invested in the business exceeds \$50,000,000.

For the year ended March 31, 1889, the net profits of the English post-office and telegraph office, exclusive of the packet service, were within a frac-tion of 24,000,000.

Equity had been gradually shaping itself into a refined science, which no human faculties could master with-out long and intense application. —Lord Macaulay.

Lord Charles Beresford, having tel-egraphically intimated to play a com-mand to dine at Marlborough house, added to the "wire" the laconic post-script: "Lac follows by post."

Caviare is made of the roe of the sturgeon, salmon, cod and other large fish. It is a Russian delicacy which is imported in jars. It is often served sliced on slices of toast.

In Russia when coffins are covered with cloth, the color of the covering is, to a certain extent, distinctive, pink being used when the deceased is a child or a young person, crimson for women, and brown for widows, but black is in no case employed.

Taverns may be traced to the Thirteenth century. According to Spel-man, in the reign of King Edward III. only three taverns were allowed in London. Taverns were licensed in England in 1752.

A remarkable fan has just been purchased by the Princess de Ligne at Brussels. It was painted by Watteau for Louis XIV, who presented it to the Duchess of Burgundy, and it re-mained in the possession of the royal family until the revolution, when it was stolen and conveyed to Germany, and nothing more was heard of it until the other day, when it appeared among a collection which was offered for sale at Brussels.

A few days ago a large hog belong-ing to Le Roy Hardy, of Stark, Ga., while the family were all out of the house, went into the house, and after climbing upon a feather bed proceeded to tear the bed and clothing into doll-rags. His hogship thought he had found a beautiful play house, and in his delight and playfulness tore things up generally. When the inmates of the house came in the floors were literally covered with feathers and the festive hour ran from the house looking more like one of the feathered tribe than a fat porker.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie will establish in Pittsburgh one of the finest public li-braries in the country. It will be very comprehensive institution, including what will be known as the Academy of science, the various departments of which will be under the charge of the different scientific and investiga-tive societies of western Pennsylvania.

The cost of the building was origi-nally placed at \$500,000, but Mr. Car-negie now states that he will give \$750,000 or more for the purpose, and that nothing shall be lacking that is need-ful to secure the most complete suc-cess.

Harriet Hosmer's Work.

Some one was saying the other day that the reason why Harriet Hosmer, who is now in this country, has pro-duced nothing noteworthy in sculp-ture for a long time past is that she has given herself over for years to the pursuit of something perilously like that ignis fatuus, perpetual cotton. She devoted herself while in England at the house of Lady Ashington to the invention of some mechanical contri-vance which was always to be perfect in the course of the next week or two.

Meeting Story, the sculptor, one af-ternoon, she told him that in a fort-night his machine would be ready for exhibition. The time passed, but her mechanical had disappointed her, some-thing was not quite as it should be.

Most of her fortune, this informant surmised, was eaten up by the ma-chine. When Miss Hosmer came to America her machine was to follow by the next steamer. It did not come and she took ship again and went back after it to England. What has be-come of it since was a point not elu-cidated. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dwarf Trees.

One of the interesting things seen at the Paris exposition are the dwarf trees which the Japanese horticultur-ists are showing, and which are at-tracting much attention, says a writer in The Pittsburg Dispatch. Pine, thujaes and cedars, said to be 100 or 150 years old, are only eighteen inches high, and with such specimens it would be easy to have a comtious forest on a balcony. These arborvit-ales are produced by great la-bor, and a truth is told about their ages, this work of forcing the tree's development and arresting it into con-forted forms must be persisted in by several generations of foresters. All this painstaking is hardly paid for by the beauty of the resulting abstractions, but a look at these trees will explain where the fantastic forms come from, which serve as models for the plants to be imitated in fountains, bridges and embankments which come from Japan.

Who the Other Fellow Was.

"Joe, you were up with Miss Jen-kins until 12 o'clock last night."

"Yes, I was trying to outwit an-other fellow."

"Oh, that was it, eh? I've been there myself. Who was the other fel-low?"

"Her father.—Epoch.



THERE IS NO DISSENSION

Between this happy pair, for their UNDERSTANDINGS are always pleasant and agreeable. They both wear

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As a tonic these Bitters are highly recommended for all disorders arising from indigestion—loss of appetite, loss of strength, or im-poverished condition of the blood. They are also found of exceptional value in female complaints. Put up in large size bottles at 75c. per bottle.

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Sarsaparilla in combination with Iodide of Potash and Stalingia ex-erts a marked curative action in all diseases due to impurity of the blood, especially such as are inherited, or are the result of syphilis or mercurial blood poisoning. In Scrofula, Eczema, Tetter, Chronic Skin Disease, Scald-head, Erysipelas, Enlarged Glands, Chronic Rheumatism and Catarrh decided benefit results from its regular use. The system, besides being purified, is toned up and invigorated, as the remedy in addition to purifying the blood builds up the constitu-tion. Dollar size at 75c.

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This combination will be found of great value in Gravel, Irritable Bladder, Catarrh of the Bladder, Jaundice, Liver Torpidity and Bil-iousness and in the low spirits which result from these liver affec-tions. It is beyond doubt the best Liver and Kidney Cure on the market. Price 75c. per bottle.

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